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MONDAY, MARCH 4, 1907.

Character and character only is the thing that is eternally powerful in this world. Character is the divinest thing on earth.—Phillips Brooks.

Law and Order in Virginia.

The Amherst Progress is commending the board of supervisors, the sheriff and the Commonwealth's attorney for the diligence they used in running down the man suspected of having committed a nameless assault in the county some time back.

After the capture the man was taken to Danville for trial, in order that his case might be heard and disposed of without the influence of local prejudice.

Not long ago The Times-Dispatch had occasion to commend the local authorities of Prince Edward for their skill and diligence in running down two men who had committed a brutal murder in that county. The clue was slender, but the sleuths were keen, and after capture the murderers confessed and were tried, convicted and executed. They implicated a third man, but the presiding judge gave him ample opportunity to establish an alibi, which he succeeded in doing, after which the other men confessed that they had falsely accused him.

In contrasting the trial now progressing in Culpeper with the Thaw trial in New York, the Baltimore Sun says: "The woman who was wronged had to go on the witness stand. She was treated with the utmost compassion by the counsel for State and defense alike. The judge excluded all from the courtroom while she was testifying except the few whose presence was necessary. No question was put to her except in the most gentle and considerate manner. The Virginia judge has maintained the dignity and solemnity of the court. The lawyers have not offended good taste, and the audience in the courtroom has been decorous, silent, and now and then moved to tears by the pathos of the tragedy which was being recited on the witness stand. In Virginia justice sits enthroned as a solemn and inspiring figure. In New York she seems to have lost many of her highest attributes."

The people of Virginia have cause to be proud of their court system and their court officers. We have in the highest sense the "orderly administration of justice," and as a consequence there is respect for law among the people, and very rarely any case of lynching.

Are You a Mollycoddle?

Said President Roosevelt in his Harvard address: "As I emphatically believe in seeing Harvard or any other college turn out mollycoddles instead of vigorous men, I do not in the least object to a sport because it is rough."

Whatever Mr. Roosevelt's defects as an author, more especially as an author of messages to Congress, he has unquestionably the gift of forcible and pungent speech. "Mollycoddle" had long lain dormant in the popular vocabulary. Now, in a word, it has passed, revived, into the currency of common conversation. Some doubts are expressed in certain quarters, however, as to the precise meaning of the word. Our faithful ally, the dictionary, defines it as:

One who lacks resolution, energy or hardihood; an effeminate man; used in derision or contempt.

That is the mere lexicon meaning. When you are President of the United States, however, you have the privilege of inventing and fixing your own meanings. There is ground for believing, then, that Mr. Roosevelt used the term "mollycoddle" in a more specific sense. Quite conceivably, his idea of a mollycoddle is the man who has not contracted the habit of playing a Stateful of bears as an appetizer for breakfast; who cannot play tennis with one hand while writing a Bellamy Storer letter with the other; who behaves unsatisfactorily to the President, but who quite enough so to be publicly branded as a prevaricator; who criticizes the Panama Canal, will not accept a job there or resigns one already accepted; in short, perhaps, a regular Poutney Bigelow of a man.

But whatever a mollycoddle is, it is evidently something very, very bad, and for our part, if we may so far intrude upon the copyright of Mr. Gelett Burgess, we would far rather see than be one.

Murder Trials and "Popular Depravity."

Pessimists whose sad pleasure it is to point out how very, very much worse the world is continually getting have found fresh food for diatribe in the eagerness with which the public is now devouring the details of a nameless murder trial. Nothing like

If we are told, was ever seen before. Our grandfathers would never have given a moment's attention to such an episode. They would have put in their time reading ship-subsidy and tariff revision, or whatever other subjects were of equivalent importance in their contemporary politics. We of to-day are fallen indeed who can feel so palpable an interest in the exploits of a degenerate idler and a wayward country girl.

Such are the allegations designed to prove the popular depravity of our moderns. It is interesting to find that this theory of national degeneration is strongly combated by the facts. Fifty years ago last month, it is discovered, New York was convulsed with another murder trial. Did Mrs. Cunningham kill Harvey Burdell in the house on Bond Street? That was the question which everybody asked of everybody else and which for the time excluded all other matters from public interest. We are indebted to the New York Globe for this reminiscence, and for culling some extracts from the editorial comment:

"We believe," said The Tribune of February 15, 1857, in an article probably written by the great and virtuous Horace himself, "that not less than one hundred and fifty columns of The Tribune have been devoted to the evidence and the comments thereon—an amount of space which could not have been occupied by any other matter—the writer slyly added—'so satisfactorily to our readers.'"

And what was the attitude of the public? Said The Times (Raymond probably writing) of February 7, 1857: "In the cars, the ferry-boats, the hotel barrooms, saloons—in all public places and so far as we can hear, in all private retreats, it is the subject of discussion, surmise, reverie. We have never known an excitement so universal, so intense, and so long flagging in New York."

"Nothing but Bond Street," said The Herald of February 12, 1857. "The public supps of horrors, dreams of murders, and gets up the next morning with a renewed appetite for the same food. For the time being the murder absorbs every other topic, and the subject seems altogether inexhaustible."

To exhibit marked avidity in pursuing the doings of the Thaws may not, indeed, be a commendable performance. That, we believe, is nobody's contention. But at least those who are anxious to demonstrate that our taste is worse than our grandfathers' must point to something else in evidence.

The Prosperity of Poets.

To celebrate the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Longfellow, a large number of American poets gathered the other evening in the rooms of the National Arts Club of New York. If they were all of the genus "minor," that is really because America has no major poets just now. At any rate, they were among our best, and our best, so far as real inspiration goes, is probably not an immeasurable distance behind Longfellow. Edmund Clarence Steadman was there, and Bliss Carman and Madison Cawein and James Lane Allen and William Vaughn Moody and Edwin Markham and Edith Thomas and Louise Morgan Sill, and many others equally well known. The assembly included, indeed, nearly all those hardy whom the magazines have made most familiar to us.

Doubtless they made a sufficiently prosperous-looking gathering; but it is quite certain that their prosperity was not attained by the ways of minstrelsy. Nowadays there is, in the low commercial phrase, "no money in poetry." If it be true that young Mr. Wallace Irwin is supporting himself and raising a family exclusively on the proceeds of his muse, he is probably unique in this respect. And Mr. Irwin writes comic verses, not "poetry." The genuine poet of the funny papers is invariably a cadaverous young man in a shiny black coat, with hair sadly needing the attention of the tonsorial artist. England is said to have a poet worth \$2,000,000, but no one is so foolish as to suspect him of having made that pot of money out of his lyre. Your well-paid poet of real life is always the one who carries poetry as a side line. He works for his living and sings for the fun of the thing. He can consider himself fortunate if his slim books of verses net him his cigars.

Once upon a time, if memory serves, McClure's Magazine paid Tennyson \$1,000 for a poem of some sixteen lines; but there are no Tennysons any more. Possibly that is why his modern successors starve in garrets, or become well-to-do by lying them to more profitable vocations. Or possibly existing conditions in the bardic market merely reflect the common aphorism to the effect that poetry cannot thrive in an advanced civilization.

Kuropatkin's book makes it evident to the most groveling intellect that Russia would have beaten Japan but for conditions which made it inevitable that she should be licked.

Mr. Harrison says that he would build the canal if he only had a chance. This is interesting as indicating the first chance in history which Mr. H. omitted to have.

Russian liberals should condemn hated officials to serve for 24-hour life as American railway passengers. It would be quicker and surer than the bomb.

Some of the most serious accidents in the history of the railroads have been when they collided with Harrison.

A florist's ad in a Washington exchange offers "Beautiful Flagrant Flowers." Are they imitations?

So! is not worrying. He knows he isn't as spotted as Pittsburgh, anyway.

Nobody knows whether or not Thaw is crazy but Thaw, and he is not sure.

Is a miniature painter necessarily a mollycoddle, Mr. President?

Wilson in Jail.

BALTIMORE, MD., March 3.—Henry Mortimer Wilson, who is said to have abandoned his dying wife in Norfolk and who was arrested here on the charge of jumping a bond bill of \$52 at the Hotel Cavalier, was committed to jail for court to-day in default of \$1,000 bail. Mrs. Elizabeth Webb, with whom Wilson left Norfolk, appeared at the hearing and said she had telegraphed to her home for money to settle the bill.

Borrowed Ingles.

A Modern Socialist.

A Socialist, a Socialist; that's what I pine to be. With lodgings at the Waldorf while I set the people free. With motors cars that do a mile in sixty seconds flat. In which to run the errands of the proletariat. With private secretaries and a valet at my side. To help me as I toil to bring about the Grand Divide. Sausages is to the bad, and things is getting rank—I want to be a Socialist with millions in the bank.

I want to rise at 10 o'clock and slave away till noon. For work—I've never done a stroke—"Is man's most precious boon." And when I've shared the coupons from a peck o' bonds or so, I'll put in all the time that's left to give the poor a shove. There's Harry Jack and Frisco Pete—they've often said to me: That wealth was not divided up the way it ought to be. And I'm for a divvy, though the kickers call me crank—I want to be a Socialist with millions in the bank.

I want a quiet summer home to rest in when it's hot. A bungalow at Lenox or a humble Newport cot. And when the blasted reporters come, with shy, reluctant air, I'll tell 'em how poor father made more dough than was his share; I'll tell 'em how he left the coin to me one tearful day. And give—not yet, but soon, you know—I'll give it all away. So when the job is open, here's my application blank—I want to be a Socialist with millions in the bank.

—Earle Hooker Eaton, in Success.

MERELY JOKING.

An Unfair Divvy. "If you are unhappy with your husband, why don't you separate?" Mrs. Wyikins: "Because his plan of dividing assets isn't fair. He wants to take all the bonds and real estate and give me all the children."—Somerville Journal.

Matrimonial Reform. "She married him to reform him." "Did she succeed?" "Sure! He used to be a spendthrift, and now he has nothing to spend."—Houston Post.

Poor Sport. "First horse (attached to lover's sleigh): 'Let's run away, Dolly.' Second Horse: 'What's the use? They wouldn't notice it.'"—Chicago News.

Correct. "What is there on your hat that makes you so proud of it?" "The eyes of all the other women."—Cleveland Leader.

Past and Gone. "Well, well," exclaimed Miss Passay, "so she's twenty-five to-day. I guess it would surprise her if I should tell her I was the same age." "Oh, no," replied Miss Knox, "she knows that, of course." "She knows that I'm twenty-five?" "No; that you were."—Philadelphia Press.

Bad and Worse. "Of course," said the tireless, wheezy, "whenever you see a stylishly dressed woman limping you may depend upon it it's because her shoes are too small." "Not always," replied the weary listener. "Sometimes it's because her feet are too large."—Philadelphia Press.

POINTS FROM PARAGRAPHERS.

THE woman-suffrage movement has not yet progressed so far in this State that the editors of the women's departments in the newspapers have begun to print designs for voting costumes. Philadelphia Inquirer.

Senator Beveridge never will be happy till he gets down to the bottom of the Illinois case, though no Illinois statesman is making a row about the dates in Indiana's historical romances.—Chicago News.

Dead men tell no tales, but the anecdotes that friends tell about them more than make up for it.—Chicago News.

How can you expect men to keep out of the liquor business when one of the big wads of \$10 bills in the inside pocket of a Cleveland saloon-keeper stopped a bullet and saved his life?—New York Herald.

It seems that Mr. Harriman does not speculate, this form of amusement being left to the gentlemen who deal with Mr. Harriman.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Mrs. Thaw saw "a pretty mountain" and got some excellent views. The picture being equal to the negative value of travel.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

At the opening of the Jamestown Exposition, April 25th, twenty-five governors are expected to be present. Then it is likely that something besides the exposition will be opened up on that day.—Washington Post.

COMMENT OF VIRGINIA EDITORS.

Salem's Prosperity. There is already a pressing demand in Salem for dwelling houses, and this condition will become more acute with the completion in the near future of the glass plant and other things to which we look for a substantial increase in the population of our town. The situation should be—and must be—met, unless the people of Salem intend to deliberately cast aside the opportunities now at hand to make a good investment of their surplus funds, and at the same time render a valuable service to the community in which they profess to have an interest.—Salem Times-Register.

The Educational Crusade. The educational campaign which was waged in Virginia several years ago was no doubt instrumental in creating great interest in the public schools of the State. Already many high schools have been established, and the workers in the grammar grades are as never before for the betterment of school conditions.—Lexington Gazette.

Used to It. While we do not look upon Mr. Bryan as good presidential timber, we would favor his nomination in the event Mr. Roosevelt enters the race for the Republicans. Mr. Bryan has become so accustomed to defeat that another drop would make little difference.—Scottsville Courier.

Senator Machen. Hon. Lewis H. Machen, of Alexandria, has made formal announcement of his candidacy for re-election to the State Senate. It is said that he will have no opposition. He has made an able and faithful representative, and his constituents are glad to learn that he is willing to serve another term. Mr. Machen needs a wife and a better residence.—Fairfax Herald.

Eggleston's Good Service. The Southern Planter for this month pays a very high compliment to J. D. Eggleston, that he is the best State Superintendent of Schools since the days of Dr. Tucker. The way he ferreted out the graft of the school funds has proven that.—Pulaski News-Review.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL. Signor Biancheri, the venerable president of the Italian chamber, finds a hobby in horticulture.

The Erie Railroad has taken off twenty-five suburban passenger trains in order to provide facilities for its freight traffic.

The czar has directed that the cost of the funeral of Professor Mendeleeff, the famous chemist, shall be defrayed by the state.

A politician's trust is about to be organized in Washington to control the prices of room and board during the meetings of Congress.

Leavesworth, Kan., boasts of a man who reads every line of the Thaw case, and who is married to a woman who reads every line of the Congressional Record.

Lord Curzon, whose wife is an American and who was formerly viceroy of India, announces his intention to re-enter public life after next summer. He will try to enter Parliament.

SOCIAL and PERSONAL

TO-DAY.

Arts and Crafts Department opens in Richmond Art Club at 4 P. M.
Meeting of St. John's Circle, King's Daughters, in honor of Mrs. E. B. Ford, No. 2300 East Broad Street, at 4:30 P. M.
Mrs. L. L. Lewis at Woman's Club at 4:30 P. M.

Mrs. Swanson in New York.

Mrs. C. A. Swanson accompanied Mrs. Carl von Mayhoff and the Hon. Jefferson Levy to New York on Saturday, the trio leaving by the noon train for the metropolis. After being Mrs. Mayhoff's guest in New York, Mrs. Swanson will return to Philadelphia and visit her sister, Mrs. Bohmer. She will also spend a few days in Washington, D. C., as the guest of Mrs. Howry, the wife of Judge Howry. She will be away about two weeks.

In the meantime work at the Virginia building of the Jamestown Exposition will go actively forward, and the furnishing of it will be the first matter to occupy Mrs. Swanson's attention when she is at home again.

Bridge Tournament.

The monthly card tournament at the Woman's Club Friday evening was attended by a brilliant contingent of Richmond society.

Admiral Harrie Webster was in general charge of the game. Eleven tables engaged in a spirited game of bridge, in which Mrs. Bland Spotswood Smith and Mr. Arthur P. Wilmer made top score.

Pretty Card Party.

Miss Leta Goodwin, of Danville, was the guest of honor at a pretty card party Friday evening, given by Miss Juliet Keith, of No. 10 Cathedral Place. Miss Goodwin, Miss Sherrard Wilcox and Mr. George C. Gregory were the prize winners in a delightful game of bridge.

Miss Keith's guests included Miss Martha Robinson, Miss Avie Grant, Miss Alice Doyle, Miss Mary Heath Davenport, Miss Helen Lathrop, Miss Charlotte Miller, Miss Sherrard Wilcox, Miss Caroline Armistead, Miss Jean Field, Miss Rebecca Walker, Mr. Bernard Cooke, Colonel Jo Lane Stern, Mr. George C. Gregory, Mr. Richard P. Gram, Mr. Robert Peyton, Mr. Lewis Blair, Mr. James Dunlop, Mr. Stuart C. Christian, Mr. Barksdale Lathrop, Mr. George Hodgson, Mr. Blackstone, Mr. Lano Lacy, Mr. Morton, Mr. George Fitzgerald, Mr. David Locke, Mr. Cabell Fitzgerald and Mr. Norman Jones.

Social Club Meets.

The fourth meeting of the Highland Park Social Club was held Friday evening in the home of Miss Hazel Jude, on Third Avenue, Chestnut Hill. Several new and interesting games were played, after which refreshments were served.

Those present were Misses Hazel Jude, Josie and Mary Boothe, Maud Hargrove, Virginia Sublett, Addie and Mary Huffman, Nissa Day and Virginia Jones, Messrs. Boothe, Smith, Mitchell, Huffman, Sublett, Hargrove, Sale, Jude and Koller.

The next meeting of the club will be held March 15th, in the home of Miss Sublett, Highland Park.

Juniors to Meet.

The Junior Oakwood Memorial Association will hold an important meeting in the home of Mrs. C. W. Massey, No. 2721 East Broad Street, Tuesday afternoon at 4:30 o'clock. A large attendance is earnestly desired.

Recital Postponed.

Owing to the illness of several who were to take part in the Norwegian recital at the Richmond Conservatory of Music last Friday evening, the recital has been postponed until Friday, March 23d.

Elect Officers.

The Cottillion Club met Thursday evening in the home of Mr. Arthur Gilman, No. 1807 West Grace Street. The following officers were elected: Mr. C. E. Pollard, president; Mr. Julian Wilson, vice-president; Mr. W. W. Nance, treasurer; Mr. C. D. Taylor, secretary.

Board of governors is composed of Mr. George Ready, chairman; Mr. Arthur Gilman and Mr. W. W. Nance.

Personal Mention.

Mrs. Herbert Drewry, of Norfolk, is the guest of Mr. M. M. Walter Scott Copeland, at No. 2007 Grove Avenue.

Mrs. C. A. Hunt, of Keyaville, Va., and Miss Stella M. Williams, of Warsaw, N. C., are visiting friends at No. 1215 Floyd Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Cutchin have returned from a delightful two-weeks' visit to friends in England, N. C., and are at their home, No. 2310 West Grace Street.

Miss Sadie Wakeland, of Church Hill, has returned home, after a pleasant stay of three weeks in New York.

Miss Edith Spratley has been the guest of Mrs. E. Scott Martin, in Farmville.

Mrs. Charles Culpeper and Miss Ottolena Culpeper have returned to their home in Portsmouth, after a visit to friends here.

Mr. W. I. Spain, of Lawrenceville, Va., is undergoing treatment in this city.

Mrs. Jennie Croxton has returned to her home in Tappanbrook, Va., after a visit to Richmond and other cities. She was accompanied by Mrs. James R. Gordon, who will be her guest.

Mr. George N. Wait, of South Hill, Va., spent last week in Richmond to be with his mother, who is undergoing treatment at the hospital.

Mr. Earl Norton is spending a few days in Staunton.

Miss Carrie Lee Campbell has returned from a visit to Miss Mary Irwin, in Lexington, Va.

Miss Marion Ryland has returned from a visit to relatives in Bowling Green, Va.

Mrs. T. L. Alfriend has returned from a visit to her daughter, Mrs. Herbert D. Lafferty, at the Waldorf, New York, and Mrs. George Harkamp Warren, at the Burlington, Philadelphia.



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Poems You Ought to Know.

Whatever your occupation may be, and however crowded your hours with affairs, do not fail to secure at least a few minutes every day for refreshment of your inner life with a bit of poetry.—Prof. Charles Elliot Norton.

No. 1101.

Per Pacem ad Lucem.

The title of this poem means "Through Peace to Light."

By ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTOR.

Other selections from this author have already appeared in this series.

I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be
A pleasant road;
I do not ask that Thou wouldst take from me
Aught of its load;

I do not ask that flowers should always spring
Beneath my feet;
I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.

For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead,
And me might—
Though strength should falter, and though heart should bleed—
Through Peace to Light.

I do not ask, O Lord, that thou shouldst shed
Full radiance here;
Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread
Without a fear.

I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see;
Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand
And follow Thee.

Joy is like restless day; but peace divine
Like quiet night;
Lead me, O Lord,—till perfect Day shall shine,
Through Peace to Light.

This series began in The Times-Dispatch Sunday, Oct. 11, 1906. One is published each day.

Newspapers about the universities, for the Register is the friend of all of them. As for the big business of "topping universities," England has three, including the peculiar foundation of the University of London, and Scotland has four—St. Andrew's, Aberdeen, Edinburgh and Glasgow—all locally well-known and supported, and seem of them having a distinction in Europe at large.—Danville Register.

Mr. Coleman Very Ill. (Special to The Times-Dispatch.) BOYDTON, VA., March 3.—The condition of Mr. H. E. Coleman, who has a severe attack of pneumonia, is still unchanged. The trained nurse who waited on him last night reports that he spent the night comfortably. Mr. Coleman is a very popular, as well as prominent, citizen of this town, and the community at large are very anxious about him.

Colonel William Townes has been quite sick for the past two weeks, and has been closely confined to his house during that time. A very heavy rain fell here this morning, which will increase the horrible condition of the roads.

Miss Daley Drake, of this city, is spending some time at her home in Clarksville, Va., on account of the illness of Dr. and Mrs. Drake.

Miss Lottie Pulley of the class of 1907, Woman's College, this city, has returned from a visit to her home near Berlin, Va., as a guest of Mrs. J. A. Stephenson, of Berlin.

Friendly to All. We don't want to take sides in the fight or squabble in some of the Virginia

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